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ISLAND POND, VERMONT, SEPTEMBER 19, 1890.

According to the Chicago Globe, over MASONIC DIRECTORY. \$100,000,000 of Government 41 per ISLAND POND LODGE, No. 44, P. & A. M. Stated C mmunications the second Mon-

EXTSTONE CHAPTER, No. 16, R. A. M. Stated Convocations the first Monday in VERMONT COUNCIL, No. 20, R. & S. M. Stated Assemblies first Monday in each pleasure of operating on the Czar of Rus-

NORTH STAR CHAPTER, No. 25, O. E. S. Stated Meetings the third Monday in each land are yet vacant in New Mexico 'subject to entry under pre-emption, homestead, timber-culture and desert-land ESSEX LODGE, No. 18. Meets every Thurs-

> Uncle Sam's loan of ships and other naval apparatus to such States as desire to establish a naval battalion as a part of the militia has first been accepted by Massachusetts.

for each building is \$3000; the second, \$1500; third, \$600.

The village of Mokena, Ill., about forty miles south of Chicago, passed an ordinance requiring the Rock Island Railroad to place a flagman at the principal crossing, and the company complied, but refused either to take freight or passengers until the ordinance was rescinded.

Germany has one doctor to 1500 of population; France one to 3167; the United Kingdom one to 1234; but the United States one to 600. That says a good deal for the doctors, comments the New Orleans Times-Democrat; for the average American is longer-lived than any of the nationalities named.

Where the Argentines have failed as amateur bankers, says an English journalist recently returned from Buenos Ayres, properly qualified men of European experience might achieve a great success. With even moderately good politics, and moderately sound banking the Argentine crisis might be solved in a year or two. Without them it can only go from bad to worse.

much stock in the suggestion of a con-300 or 400 acres of water. To build the world's fair in the bottom of the lake would be unique; the project is feasible, of course, but who wants to go down twenty feet below the water line to see a great exposition? There would be constant dread of a possible inbreak of the waters! If so, what then? A great scare and loss of life. The world's fair will not be held on the bottom or the top of Lake Michigan.

The Speaker of London has made a study of novel heroes. Out of 192 of these gentlemen that came out between October and June last it is discovered that eighty-five stood six feet, while many were even taller. Compared with those of the nine months preceding last October the heroes of the period in question show an increase in height averaging three-quarters of an inch per hero. It is observed that lady writers show a marked tendency to make their male characters tall. The reading public would willingly allow some of the fair novelists the right to lengthen their heroes to any extent if they could only be induced to shorten their stories.

At a place called Fort Pine, in or near Natal, South Africa, a local chief recently summoned a native doctor to attend his wife, or one of his wives. What the ailment was is not known, but the remedy prescribed by the doctor was human fat. Like some of his profession was a plump man and the chief promptly ordered him to be killed and adminiswas done and the chief is now awaiting his trial at Maritzburg in coasequence. sense of justice as well as a droll vein of

The Shoe and Leather Reporter says: "A noticeable thing about the statues found in our museums of art, and supposed to represent the perfect figures of ancient men and women, is the apparent disproportionate size of their feet. We moderns are apt to pronounce them too large, particularly those of the women. It will be found, however, that for symmetrical perfection these feet could not be better. A Greek sculptor would not think of such a thing as putting a nineinch foot on a five-and-one-half-foot woman. Their types for these classical marble figures were taken from the best forms of living persons." The Reporter goes on to show that a well proportioned woman of ten feet three inches in height should have a foot ten inches long and should wear a No. 6. Courage, fair

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON

"The New Song of Heaven."

formers, who gave their services gratuitously to the masses, who came in with free tickets and huzzaed at the entertainment. At Berdute and horn, violin and bassoon. At Dus-seldorf once a year the lovers of music as-semble, and for three or four days wait upon the great singing festivals, and shout at the close of the choruses, and greet the success-ful competitors as the prizes are distributed— —cups and vases of silver and gold. All our American cities at times resound with or-chestra and oratorio. Those who can sing well or play skillfully upon instruments are greeted with vociferation and garlanded by arcited admirers.

the rush of floods from under the throne of the rush of floods from under the throne of God would not make a heaven for them if there were no great and transporting har-monies. Passing along our streets in the hour of worship you hear the voice of sacred melody, although you do not enter the building. And passing along the street of beaven we hear, from the temple of God and the Lamb, the breaking forth of magnificent jubilate. We may not yet enter in among

and the harps were strung, there has been no cessation in the song, excepting once for about thirty minutes; and, judging from the glerious things now transpiring in God's world, and the ever accumulating triumphs of the Messiah, that was the last half hour that has you will ever be silent. that heaven will ever be silent.

Mark the fact that this was a new song. Sometimes I have in church been floated away upon some great choral, in which all our people seemed to mingle their voices, and I have, in the glow of my emotions, said: and I have, in the glow of my emotions, said:
"Surely this is music good enough for beaven." Indeed, I do not believe that
"Luther's Hymn," "Coronation," or "Old Hundred," or "Mount Pisgah" would sound ill if spoken by sainted lips or thrummed from seraphic harps. There are many of our fathers and mothers in glory who would be slow to shut heaven's gate against these old time harmonies. But this we are told is a new song. Some of our greatest authems new song. Some of our greatest authons and chorals are compositions from other tunes—the sweetest parts of them gathered op into the harmony; and I have sometimes thought that this "new song" may be partly made up of sweet strains of earthy music mingled in sternal choral. But it will, after all, be a new song. This I do know, that in sweetness and power it will be something that the ear never heard. All the skill of the oldest harpers of heaven will be flung into it. All the love of God's heart will ring from it. In its cadences the floods will clap their hands and it will drop with the sunlight of everlasting day and breaths with odors from the blos-

ande for heaven. certain place where he expected to destroy his own life. The cab driver lost his way, and Cowper began to think of hs sin, and went back to his home, and sat down and

God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform; Le plants His footsteps in the sea And rides upon the storm.

Mogart composed his own requiem and And while Emily was playing the requiem Mozart's soul went up on the wave of his own music into glory. Emily looked around and her father was dead.

sing in the house of many mansions. If a new tune be started in church there is only here and there a person who can sing it. It is some time before the congregation means a new tune. But not so with the new song of heaven. The children who went up to-day from the waters of the Ganges are now singing it. That Christian man or woman who a few minutes ago

bath day a few notes of that anthem should travel down the air we could not sing it. No organ could roll its thunder. No harp could eatch it trill. No lip could announce its sweetness. Transfixed, lost, enchanted, dumb, we could not bear it—the faintest not of the new song. Yet while I speak heaven's cathedral quakes under it, and seas of glory bear it from beach to beach, and ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands sing it—"the new song."

Further, it is a commemorative song. We are distinctly told that it makes a reference to next deliverances. Oh, how much have

to past deliverances. Oh, how much have they to sing about. They sing of the dark-ness through which on earth they passed.

and it is a night sorg. That one was killed at Yorktown, and with him it is a battle song. That one was imprisoned for Christ's sake, and with him it is a prison song. That was a Christian sailor boy that had his back broken on the ship's halvards and with him was a Christian sailor boy that had his back broken on the ship's halyards, and with him it is a sailor's song. That one burned at Smithfield, and with him it is a fire song. Oh! how they will sing of floods waded, of fires endured, of persecutions suffered, of grace extended! Song of hail! Song of sword! Bong of hot lead! Song of axe! As when the organ pipes peal out some great harmony, there comes occasionally the sound of the tremulante, weeping through the cadences, adding exquisiteness to the performances, so amid the stupendous acclaim of the heavenly worshipers shall come tremu-

ing a sweetness and giory to the triumphal strain. So the glorified mother will sing of the cradle that death robbed, and the enthroned spirit from the almhouse will sing of a lifetime of want. God may wipe away all the tears, but not the memory of the grief that started them!

Further, it will be an accompanied song. Some have a great prejudice against musical instruments; and even among those who like them there is an idea that they are unauthorized. I love the cymbals, for Israel clapped

Essex County Herald.

ised. I love the cymbals, for Israel clapped them in triumph at the Red Sea. I love the harp, for David struck it in praising the Lord. I love the trumpet, for we are too that it shall awake the dead. I love all stringed instruments and organs, for God demands that we shall praise Him on stringed instruments and organs. There is in such music much to suggest the higher worship, for I read that when He had taken the book

the four-and-twenty cheers fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them "harps," and "I heard the voice of the harpers harp-ing with their harps," and "I saw them that had gotten the victory from the beast stand-ing on the sea of glass, having the harps of God."

Yes, the song is to be accompanied. You say that all this is figurative. Then I say

say that all this is figurative. Then I say prove it. I do not know how much of it is literal and how much of it is figurative. Who can say but that from some of the precious woods of earth and heaven there may not be made instruments of celestial accord? In that worship David may take the harp, and Habakkuk the shigiouoth; and when the great multitudes shall, following their own inclinations, take up instruments sweeter than Mozart ever fingered, or Schumann ever dreamed of, or Beethoven ever wrote for, let all heaven make ready for the burst of stupendous possibles. burst of stupendous ministrelay and the roll of the eternal orchestra!

Festal charges on earth last only a short Festal choruses on earth last only a short while. The famous musical convocation at Dussaldorf ended with the forth day. Our business last only eight or ten days; but heaven, although singing for so many years, has only fust bezun "the new song." If the heaven, although singing for so many years, has only just begun "the new song." If the glorifled inhabitants recount past deliverances they will also enkindle at glories to some. If at 0 o'clock, when the church opened, you had taken the few people who were scattered through it as the main audience, you would not have made so great a mistake as if you supposed that the present population of heaven are to be its chief citizenship. Although millions are already there, the inhabitants are only a handful compared with the future population. ful compared with the future populations. All China is yet to be saved. All India is yet to be saved. All Borneo is yet to be saved. All Switzerland is yet to be saved. All Italy is yet to be saved. All Spain is yet to be saved. All France is yet to be saved. All England is yet to be saved. All England is yet to be saved. All the saved. All the saved. All the saved. After that there may be other worlds to con quer. I do not know but that every star that gitters in our nights is an inhabited world, and that from all those spheres a mighty host are to march into our heaven. There will be no gate to keep them out. We do not want to keep them out. We will not want to keep them out. God will not want to keep them out.

keep them out.

I have sometimes thought that all the millions of earth that go into glory are but a very small colony compared with the influx from the whole universe. God could build a heaven large enough not only for the universe but for 10,000 universes. I do not know that he with the latter that I have that just how it will be, but this I know—that heaven is to be constantly augmented, and that the song of glory is rising higher and higher and the procession is being multi-plied. If heaven sang when Abel went up— the first soul that ever left for glory—how must it sing now when souls go up in flocks from all Christendom, hour by hour and moment by moment?

ment by monent?

Our happy gatherings on earth are chilled by the thought that soon we must, separate. Thanksgiving and Christmas days come, and the rail trains flying thither are crowded. Glad reunions take place. We have a time of great enjoyment. But soon it is "Goodball in the hell." (Goodball in the hell. "Goodball in the hell.") of great enjoyment. But soon it is "Good-by" in the hall, "Good-by" at the door, "Good-by" on the street, "Good-by" at the rail train, "Good by" at the steamboat wharf. We meet in church. It is good to be here. But soon the doxology will be be here. But soon the doxology will be sung, the benediction pronounced, and the audience will be gone. But there are no separations, no good-bys in heaven. At the door of the house of many mansions no good-bys. At the pearly gate no good-bys. The song will be more pleasant because we are always to sing it. Mightler song as our other friends come in. Mightler song as other garlands are set on the brow of Jesus. Mightler song as Christ's glories unfold.

Mightler song as Christ's glories unfold.

I stayed a week at Niagara Falla, hoping thoroughly to understand it and appreciate it. But on the last day it seemed newer and more incomprehensible than on the first day Gazing on the influite rush of celestial splen dors, where the oceans of delight meet and pour themselves into the great heart of God, how soon will we exhaust the song? Never!

The old preachers, in describing the sor rows of the lost, used to lift up their hands and shout, "The wrath to come?" The wrath to come?" To day I lift up my hands, and looking toward the great future cry, 'The joy to come!" 'The bliss to come!'
Ob, to wander on the banks of the bright
river, and yet to feel that a little further down we shall find still brighter floods en tering into it! Oh, to stand a thousand years, listening to the enchanting music of heaven, and then to find out that the harpers are only tuning their harps.
Finally, I remark that it will be a unan-

imous song. There will, no doubt, be sor to lead, but all will be expected to join. will be grand congregational singing. All the sweet voices of the redeemed! Grand music it will be when that new song arisea Luther sings it. Charles Weeley sings it. Lowell Mason sings it. Our voices now may be harsh and our ears uncultivated, but, our throats cleared at last and our capacities enlarged, you and I will not be ashamed utter our voices as loudly as any of them. Those nations that have always been distinguished for their capacity in song will lift up their voices in that melody. Those who have had much opportunity to hear the Germans sing will know what idea I mean to give when I say that the great German nation will pour their deep, full voices into the new song. Everybody knows the natural gift of the African for singing. No singing on this continent like that of the colored churches in the South. Everybody going to Richmond or to Charleston wants to hear the Africans sing. But when not only Ethiopia, but all that continent of darkness, lifts up its handa, and all Africa pours her great volume of co into the new song—that will be music you. Added to this are all the sixteen for you. usand millions of children that are estimated to have gone into glory, and the host of young and old that hereafter shall people the earth and inhabit the stars. the new song! Gather it all up! Mul-

Oh! the new song! Gather it all up! Multiply it with every sweetness! Pour into it every harmony! Crown it with every gladness! Belt it with every splendor! Fire it with every glory! Toss it to the greatest height of majesty! Roll it to the grandest cycle of eternity!—and then you have but the faintest conception of what John experienced, when, amidst the magnificence of apocalyptic vision, he heard it—the new song! God grant that at last we may all sing it. But if we do not sing the praise of Christ. God grant that at last we may all sing it. But if we do not sing the praise of Christ upon earth we will never sing it in heaven. Be sure that your hearts are now attuned for the heavenly worship. There is a cathedral in Europe with an organ at each end. Organ answers organ, and the music waves backward and forward with indescribable effect. Well, my friends, the time will come when earth and heaven will be but different parts of one great accord. It will be low here. when earth and heaven will be but different parts of one great accord. It will be joy here and joy there! Jesus here and Jesus there! Trumpet to trumpet! Organ to organ; Hal-lelujah to hailelujah! "Until the day break and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be then like a ros or a young unon the mountains of Pether?"

AS YOU GO THROUGH LIFE. Don't look for the flaws as you go through life:

And even when you find them, It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind . And look for the virtue behind them. For the cloudiest night has a hint of light Somewhere in its shadows hiding; It is better by far to bunt for a star. Than the spots on the sun abiding

The current of life runs ever away

To the bosom of God's great ocean. Don't set your force 'gainst the river's course And think to alter its motion . Don't waste a curse on the universa-Remember, it lived before you. Don't butt at the storm with your punny form-

But bend and let it go o'er you. The world will never adjust itself To suit your whims to the letter. Some things must go wrong your whole life

And the sconer you know it the better. It is folly to fight with the Infinite, And go under at last in the wrestle The wiser man, shapes into God's plan As the water shapes into a vessel, -Ella W. Wilcox, in Latlies' Home Journal

THE WARNEFORD GHOST.

BY MRS. ROBERT JOCELYN. "The house is very full, Florence, and thought you would not mind sleeping in this room," said Mary Warneford, as she ushered me into a large, airy bedroom, into which the bright rays of the setting sun were streaming gloriously on a certain afternoon in a by-gone June. "I really see no visible reason why

should do so," I replied jestingly, with a smile. "I think it about as charming a room as it well can be." "The room is fairly pleasant in its

way," she returned carclessly. "Only, as you know, it is supposed to be "Haunted?" I repeated, rather aghast. "Do you mean to say that this is the

haunted room?" "Yes, it is the room that is said to be haunted," she replied quietly. "Do you

object to it? If so, pray say so, dear. Her wor is woke me to a sense of my duty to my hostess. "Oh, dear no," replied quickly. "I call it most inter-

"Very interesting, no doubt, to those who believe in ghosts," she returned quietly. "I do not, or I should not have put you in this room.' "Of course, I know that, and of course

the ghost question is all nonsense," I agreed lightly.

"Just so, dear," she returned in the same tone. "I knew you were blessed with a little common sense, and that was why I selected you as a suitable occupant for this room. We all know you are quite above anything of this sort, and do not possess such inconvenient things as nerves.

And with this flattering assurance ringing in my ears I found myself alone in the haunted room of Warneford Ab-

I looked curiously around it. charming room certainly, but haunted, the baunted room.

Now the haunted room at Warneford

Abbey was about as well known as the haunted house in Berkley Square, and for years it had been closely locked against all possible intruders. It was an understood fact that the late Sir Charles Warneford did not like any mention of the Warneford ghost to be made in his presence. There had been a charming mystery about the Warneford haunted story about it, and every one was quite possibility," she returned testily. sure that his version of it was the true one. Some people swore it was a man; some people knew for a fact it was a woman; others were sure it was a monster, too dreadful in its hideousness to be described, and others had been told, on to share it with me " reliable authority, that it had a tail and cloven feet, and its form altogether was

the reverse to heavenly. But when Mary's husband, the present baronet, came into the property, which The room is haunted." he did very shortly before the time this story begins, he took quite an original view of the case, and proclaimed far and wide that there was no ghost at all, much | like it." less a monster. Mary backed him up about it. They unlocked the room, had it thoroughly done up and refurnished, and gave it to be understood that they could not understannd how any one in their senses could possibly have believed stitious stories.

And it was thus that Mary coolly in-

I gazed round the room in an awestrick. en manner, and came quickly to the con-clusion that the thing I liked the least in it was the bed. A heavy, dark, old bedstead, on which was carved innumerable. extremely unattractive objects. Heads of murderous looking men and women, interwoven among horrible, open-mouthed animals, which had never been copied from any of the species supposed to have come out of the Ark, and were none the less ghastly because their proportions had our heads on the pillows, and silence were a physical impossibility. No, I certainly did not like the bed in which No. I I was doomed to sleep that night at all. However, luckily for my peace of mind,

I had not much time to spare in meditation. We had arrived just in time for dinner-papa, Molly and I-and when Mary left me I had only half an hour in which to unpack my dressing case, rummage in my box for some evening clothes, and dress myself for dinner (Molly was the beauty of our family, and, therefore, of course, monopolized the almost undivided attention of our maid).

We spent a pleasant enough evening. Mary understood thoroughly how to keep things going, and it was long after 12 o'clock when we ladies trooped upstairs to bed.

Mollie came into my room for a few noments, and commented condescendingly upon the fact that it was a nice room. I fancied she was rather annoyed to find it much larger and more elaborately furnished than her own. Molly slept for several hours.

was a capital girl in some ways, but just a trifle spoilt in others, and she used to like to be thought a very important young lady, and to get the best of everything. Anyway, she did not stay long with me that evening, but, after a few remarks, she went yawning off to her own

It was next door to mine.

Once again I found myself alone in the haunted room. But this time I was resolved not to think about it. I was nervous, and I knew that the more my mind dwelt upon the matter, the more nervous I should become, and so I bustled energetically about the room, heaped coals upon the fire, which, had the season had its due, ought to have been conspicuous by its absence, and began to un-

I had not mentioned anything about it to Molly. Talking about it would only have made it worse, and Molly would probably only have laughed at me had I lone so, for since she was not going to sleep in the haunted room herself, she would certainly have been disposed to treat the ghost question lightly.

A tap at my door, and Marsden, our maid, entered the room. "I shall not want anything to-night, Marsden," I exclaimed, upon seeing her.

"If you will excuse my doing so, wish to say a few words to you, my lady, she replied, in a rather nervous manner "There are some terrible tales going down in the housekeeper's room, my lady, about this room," she said, in a mysterious whisper.

"Thank you, Marsden. I know all about it, though. Haunted?" I replied, with would-be indifference.

"Yes, my lady, terribly haunted, I believe, and, not feeling quite happy about your ladyship's sleeping here, I took the liberty of looking about the room a little this evening. "Thank you again, Marsden, for

thinking of me. Well, and what have you discovered?" I returned lightly. "This, my lady," she replied quietly. drawing aside a curtain as she spoke, and disclosing behind it a small paneled

"Is it a cupboard?" I inquired. "No, my lady," she replied, opening the door and revealing a small, narrow, extremely steep, winding flight of stairs "I don't know where it leads to," she continued solemnly, "but I don't like the looks of it."

As a matter of fact, no more did I. 'We will lock this door, Marsden," I returned with decision.

"There is neither key nor bolt, your ladyship," she exclaimed protestingly. And, seeing that she was right in this, I was forced to hide my fears, and, feigning indifference, to put an end to the

matter by dismissing her. But no sooner had she left me than I seized a candlestick and hurried into Molly's room. had given up all idea of sleeping alone in the Warneford Abbey haunted room. Molly already was sleeping soundly,

but without a moment's consideration woke her. "What is it, dear?" she inquired

drowsily. "Wake up, Molly, I want to talk to

you," I replied briskly, sitting down on the foot of her bed, "Can I sleep in here with you?" "My dear Florence, just look at the bed!" she exclaimed, sitting up as she

spoke, and bestowing an indignant glance upon me. "It is certainly rather small," I replied dolefully.

"Small! Ladeed it is. I assure you it is nearly a half a yard too short, and room. Every one had told a different as to turning over in it, it is a sheer im-"Oh, I am so glad!" I exclaimed, and

meant what I said. "Glad?" she repeated.

"Very glad; because I have a huge double bed in my room, and I want you

"But, my dear, I am so sleepy, and know you will talk all night.' "No, indeed I will not, Molly," I assured her. "You must come; really.

"Haunted?" "Yes; haunted. Mary has given me

the haunted room, and I do really not "I will come, Florence," she agreed at

once. "I call this too bad of Mary. We can both sleep in here, and, of course, you can not sleep alone there."

truth in any of those old, foolish, super- to me that she looked upon the forthcoming night as a rather exciting adventroduced the first guest into that haunted prepared to smile upon me for having sought her protection.

Just as she was getting into bed, her attention was attracted by my friend, the bedstead, and she peered curiously at it for several minutes in her near-sighted

"I call that distinctly nasty," she rumarked, with would-be gayety. "I wonder if one can sleep comfortably in that bed?" "Shall we try?" I returned, suiting my

tone to hers, and before long we both reigned in the haunted room. So complete was the silence that I

believed Molly to have gone to sleep almost immediately. I was rather restless myself, but was just dozing off at last, about nineteen deaths and injuries to when Molly turned over so violently two about twice as many.

or three times that she left me absolutely The collision at Revere cost the Eastwithout bedclothes. I was obliged to remonstrate, although reluctant to do so deaths, among them two distinguished because of her good nature in coming into my haunted room with me.

"You pulled all the bedclothes off when you turned over the last time. dear," I protested, gently. "I really should not have disturbed you about it if you had left the sheet, but-

"Pray take them all," she replied shortly (Molly's temper was rather short sometimes). "This is a most uncornfortable arrangement.

"Do not be cross," I suggested calmly. "Let us go to sleep," she agreed

When I next woke I did so with a start, and, trembling all over, sat bolt upright in bed.

My breath came in quick, spasmodie gasps, my heart beat wildly, and my eyes became fixed in a horrid stare upon the curtain which covered the secret

Undeniably there were footsteps coming slowly and stealthily down the hidden staircase!

The fire burnt dimly in the grate, casting an unnatural, ghostly light over the scene, and horribly weird did that large, oak-paneled room look by that feeble, flickering light. Utterly powerless to move or speak, I sat there in a waking nightmare as those footsteps came nearer and nearer, until at last they stopped just outside the door.

I tried to close my eyes; but, no! some strange uncanny influence seemed to hold them riveted upon the curtain, which presently was slowly drawn aside.

Very stealthily the thin emsciated figure of a tall woman entered the room. Slowly and noiselessly this black-robedfigure crossed over to one of the windows, pulled back the curtains with a long, blue-white hand, and stood gazing outward in the soft brilliant light of the full

Still unable to stir a finger or utter a single word, I seemed to live a lifetime, while that shrouded figure stood there in that weird light with its back toward

Suddenly it moved, turned toward me, and began to rapidly move across the room toward the bed in which I

Murder and insanity were plainly visible upon the face of the woman who approached me. Her long cloak was thrown back, and in her right hand she held a large and extremely awkwardlooking knife. But, ah, Heaven! the relief of it! It was a living woman with whom I had to deal! Another second and I had roused

Molly, and was out of bed, struggling with my friend, whom I so much surprised by the quickness of my movements that, with only the matter of two unpleasant gashes, one on my hand and another on hers, I succeed in wresting the knife from her and throwing it far away out of the open window. Then it merely became a case of phys-

ical strength, and, as I was luckily a strongly-built woman, I held my own satisfactorily against her, until Molly brought everyone in the house into the haunted room, by her screams in the cor-

ridor outside it. It proved to be the housekeeper, who had lived at Warneford for nearly fifty years, and whom no one had ever connected with the ghost in the haunted room, although the servants declared that they had always known that she suffered from fits of insanity, but that they had never cared to mention it knowing that she was a favorite and a valuable eld servant. They had believed her to be quite harmless.

A little mistake, by the way, which might have been awkward for me.

Shoes for Every Occasion.

It is easy to account for the increased consumption of shoes. Our ancestors of either sex seldom possessed more than one pair of "best" shoes for Sundays and special occasions. A stout pair made of morocco, carefully put away when not in use, lasted a woman two or three years at least. A pair of the lighter grade of kip, or, as a luxury, heavy calf brogans, shining under frequent applications of tallow, were pronounced a fraud by the masculine wearer if they gave out beyond hope of repair inside of the second year for dress occasions. With these old timers there were but two specific kinds of footgear. Now we have shoes for almost every purpose, for the drawing room, bedside, garden, street, seashore, mountainwhat you will—for tennis, walking, jumping and sitting still in. Many people have several pairs of comparatively new shoes at a time, because of their cheapness, and it is an economy, for it divides the wear among a great number. Footwear for specific purposes is not only sensible and economical, but is advantageous to the feet. The man who runs a race requires a sole that will take a short, quick grip, and the spike prevent a backslide and the loss of a race. For a walking match a generous pressure And, without further delay, she put of the foot at ball and heel, and shoes on her dressing gown and followed me strictly conforming to the shape and mothat there could have been a word of into my room. It soon became evident tions of the feet are requisite. The trotter's light shell shoe would give the Norman draught horse no purchasing ture, and that upon the whole, she was power to pull his load, and a heavy, clumsy shoe on the trotter would los him the race .- Shoe and Leather Reporter.

Heavy Damages for Rallroad Injuries. The heaviest damages that were ever paid for an injury to a single man was \$45,000, paid by the Grand Trunk, after trying the case three times. The jury increased the damages at each trial. Among the most costly accidents ever known in the country were those on the New York Central at New Hamburg, on the Lake Shore at Ashtabula, on the Eastern at Revere, and on the West Jersey at May's Landing. The last was proportionately the cheapest settled, as the company paid only \$81,000 for

ern over \$400,000 for less than twenty clergymen; the Ashtabula cost over a quarter of a million, and one at Wollaston, on the Old Colony, cost about the same. The Eastera settled one case, growing out of the Revere accident, for \$25,000, without taking it into court. The Chatsworth accident, on the Toledo. Peoria & Western, was the most costly to human life, the deaths being 141, but the claims were settled for about a quarter of a million, as the company could not pay any more. If the case had been pushed the stockholders would have been obliged to hand over the road; Empress.

This time nothing happened to disturb their equity in it after the first mortgage us, and we both did go to sleep, and was little more than the loss. —Mail and

W. STEVENS, DEPUTY SHERIFF for Orleans County. Office at J. S. Swee BILLIARDS. POOL

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First-class Livery connected with the House This Hotel is pleasantly located in one of the most flourishing villages in Northern New Hampshire, and having been thor-oughly refurnished and reflited, offers great inducements to Summer Tourists. The House is fitted throughout with steam best

cents, will mature next year.

The American eagle flaps its wings to hear that a New York dentist has the

Over 50,000,000 acres of Government

The Roumanian Government has offered prizes to the architects of all nations for the best plans for its new assembly and senate chambers. The first prize

The Prairie Farmer does not take tractor of Chicago, to pump out the lake front after building a coffer-dam around

in other parts of the world, the doctor tered to the illustrious patient. This "For its own credit," comments the Times-Democrat, "it is to be hoped that British law will deal mercifully with this potentate, who seems to have a practical

sisters of Chicago; it is true that your feet are hig, but they are classical feet.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

TEXT: "And they sang a new song." Rev. Nearly all the cities of Europe and Amer had have conservatories of Europe and America have conservatories of music and associations whose object it is by voice and instrument to advance the art of sweet sounds. On Thursday night Exeter Hall, of London, used to resound with the music of first-class perand huzzaed at the entertainment. At Berlin at 11 o'clock daily the military band, with sixty or a hundred instrumenta, discourses at the Royal Opera House for the people. On Easter Sunday in Dresden the boom of cannon and the ringing of bells bring multitudes to the churches to listen to the organ peals and the exciting sounds of trumpet and drum. When the great fair day of Leipsic comes the bands of music from far and near gather in the street and bewilder the ear with incessant playing of dute and horn, violin and bassoon. At Dusseldorf once a year the lovers of music as

excited admirers.

There are many whose most ecstatic delight is to be found in melodies, and all the splendor of celestial gates, and all the lusticousness of twelve manner of fruits, and all

the Lamb, the breaking forth of magnificent jubilate. We may not yet enter in among the favored throng, but God will not deny us the pleasure of standing a while on the outside to hear. John listened to it a great while ago, and "they sang a new song."

Let none aspire to that blessed place who have no love for this exercise, for although it is many ages since the thrones were set, and the harps were strung, there has been no

of the tree of life. "A new song"-just Many earthly songs are written by composers just for the purpose of making a tune, and the land is flooded with note books in which really valuable tunes are the excep-tion. But once in a while a man is wrought up by some great spectacle, or moved by some terrible agony, or transported by some exquisite gladness, and he sits down to write a tune or a hymn in which every note or every word is a spark dropped from the forge of his own burning emotions. So Mendels-sohn wrote and so Beethoven and so Charles Wesley. Cowper, depressed with misfor-tunes until almost insane, resolved on suicide, and asked the cab driver to take him to a

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take; The clouds you so much dread Are big with mercy and shall break In blessings on your head.

This new song of heaven was not com-cosed, because heaven had nothing else to posed, because heaven had nothing else to do, but Christ, in memory of cross and crown, of manger and throne, of earth and beaven, and wrought upon by the raptures of the great eternity, poured this from His heart, made it for the armies of heaven to shout in celebration of victory, for worship-ers to chant in their temple services, for the innumerable home circles of heaven to

departed from this very street has joined it. All know it—those by the gates, those on the river bank, those in the temple. Not feeling their way through it, or halting or going back, as if they never before had sung it, but with a full, round voice they throw their soul into this new song. If some Sabbath day a few notes of that anthem should traval down the air we could not sing it. No

ances, so amid the stupendous accumulation the heavenly worshipers shall come tremulations of past endurance, add-